

ABSTRACT LONELINESS



ZZ70595192

TOWER RECORDS

£ 1.00

West Edmonton mall in Vancouver, Canada is the "largest in the world" according to Tracy. Or was it Paulina? ZZ Cuba is 75% better supplied with doctors than Britain. They have 207 people per doctor while Britain have 362 people per doctor ZZ 12 12 94 was reported the warmest December in England ever ZZ Australians are so tired that many rarely have sex, according to a survey conducted for Deakin University School of Psychology ZZ US Rapper TUPAC SHAKUR is in danger

of losing one testicle after being recently cleared of sodomy charges. He was shot, American stylee, in the groin, head and hand during a gun battle that followed a robbery in Manhattan last December. Nobody yet knows if the incidents are related to the title of his latest album "Me Against the World" which include songs like 'Fuck The

World' ZZ There are 200,000 convictions every year for uninsured driving and, according to the MIB (Motor Insurance Bureau), "a typical uninsured motorist would be an unemployed man in his early or mid 20's, who lives in a poor area, and who drives mostly on a saturday night while drunk" ZZ L'empereur BOKASSA a ete destitue le 21 septembre 1981 ZZ After stealing the

name of Zine Zone friend's SALAD, MTV doll MARIJINE VAN DER VLUGT has now left the patronising TV station after 4 years to confess "I'm a very, very insecure person" to an NME journalist. The original and real SALAD stands for Sex And Love All Day ZZ L.A. riot guru Rodney King received £2.5 million damages, automatically reduced to £600,000 after 'legal costs' ZZ 50% of France's bosses attended the same 2 schools - ENA & Ecole Polytechnique. In the UK, 20% have Oxford and Cambridge background ZZ The Bank of England estimates that there are around £1.4 billion worth of banknotes in circulation ZZ The 131,578 residents of Florida make 150,000 tons of rubbish a year ZZ In 1994, the (British) Home Office received 46,000 applications for British citizenship. It refused 3,900 ZZ US voyeurism latest figures: Oprah

Winfrey average daily audience million followed by Donahue Raphael 7 million and Geraldo in Germany was actively "Aryanisation" of Jewish the nazi third Reich regime, Harold James, Professor at Princeton, in his book. But bank chairman Hilman Kopper says "Deutsche Bank reflected the behaviour of men under dictatorship." ZZ Europe largest AIDS centre is London Lighthouse in North Kensington ZZ The TAINUI (Maori) tribes want public apology from the queen. They claim she stole their lands in Australia 100 years ago by sending her subjects to pollute the land and allow filming of Home & Away, Neighbours, Prisoner Block H... They are set to receive 35,000 acres of land valued at around \$100 million. The British "discovered" Australia in 1770 and declared it *terra nullus* (meaning empty land) despite the existence of indigenous population older than the Egyptians. In Britain, 73% of land



SALAD

Sex and Love all Day



£1.00

Zine Zone

ISSUE 13
APRIL 1995

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TO APPEAR IN
NEXT ISSUE
YOUR GOODIES
MUST BE IN BY
3 MAY 1995

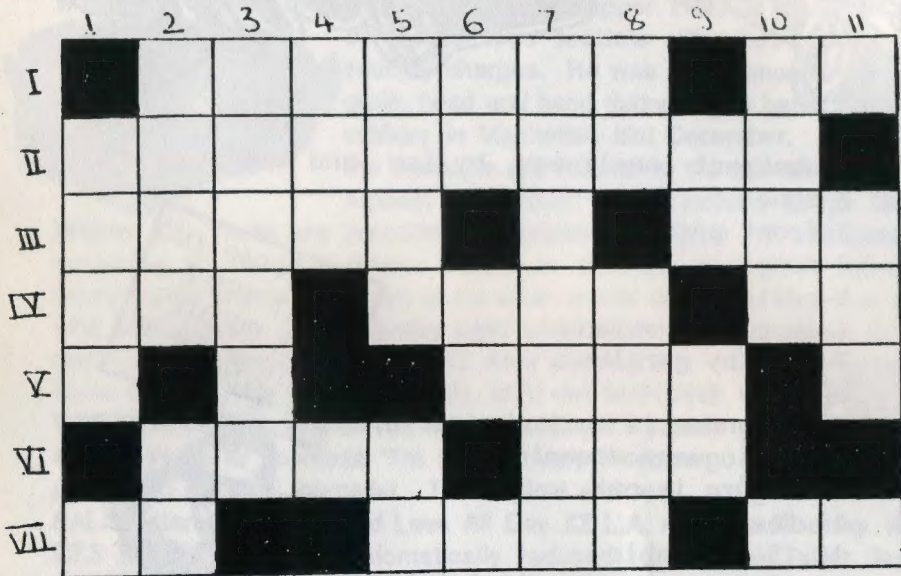


look
here

Germany 3DM Côte d'Ivoire CFA 250F USA/Canada/Australia \$2
Greece 300Dpx Japan 180 Yen France 8FF Portugal 260 Esc

Continued from Page 2...

is owned by 3% of the people ZZ Can any knowledgeable reader tell us who Timothy Leary is? ZZ More than 7,500 Peugeot 405 built in June and July 1994 are being recalled. An electrical fault prevents airbags working ZZ David Band of Barclays bank BZV Investment arm received £1.7 million in 92-93, which is the equivalent of 116 years relentless of work by a psychiatric nurse in Hackney Hospital



CROSS-
WORDS

HORIZONTAL

I-name of U2 tour; ...40 (unemployed green passport) to giro.
II-indie band with sitar III-opposite of evil or name of a London tube station; place where MPs should be kept but instead are let loose in the House of Parliament. IV-...culpa (Latin expression to say it's my fault); exclamation of something horribly disgusting; UK nazi "political party". V-hip-hop spelling of 'fat'. VI-used by christians and the assimilated at the end of prayer; alleged Bishopgate masher. VII-north american nation; something that is known to have happened; someone who may shag both you and your partner if you are hetero.

VERTICAL

1-place where great unwashed festival goers live temporarily in tents or huts. 2-zine ...; ass without an 's'. 3 highest point of sexual excitement. 4-between zero and two; ecstasy. 5-to count or depend on somebody/something; neo-facists group. 6-introduce an alternative; higher position, place. 7- tory mp or any person claiming or appearing to be responsive to supernatural powers. 8-exclamation; us light handcart. 9-ounce; brit unfamiliar interjection for 'thank you'. 10-almost or also once ... a time (once). 11-opposite of 'on'.



Who are we, crunchy zine doers, to mess with the Corporate whores, the Fleet Street Moguls who dictate what should come out in the press (and media in general)? Those who decide who should get the front page, and own the very same companies that will 'advertise' massively to generate 'funds'? Do we, from the crunchy little flat in East London really believe that our zone will effectively, massively and dramatically change the scene of the British press environment? NO. The crucial honesty that angrily entrails our guts is a major element to scare potential 'advertisers' and lift the nose of the hypocrite who will call his mother or/and wife/girlfriend/sister a 'bitch', and use words like 'shit', 'piss', "fuck", 'ass', (the list is as long as a ...), but will critically look at the little shit zone zone is with nun eyes and say to us "it's full of swearing words. I don't the think the language allows us to stock it...". What we have to say is this:

FUCK!

in conversation

Two famous people, one big subject and some serious intercourse. In this issue Benito Mussolini and The Fat Controller from Thomas The Tank Engine discuss the social perception of obesity.

MUSSOLINI: You fat git.

FAT CONT: You fucking fat git.

MUSSOLINI: You slap-headed, lard arsed bastard.

FAT CONT: You slimy, fat, greasy dago fuck-pig.

MUSSOLINI: Fuck off, you blubbery bastard.

FAT CONT: You big, bald bastard.

MUSSOLINI: What are we fucking going on about, listen, what pisses me off is that I did loads of good things and I got the trains to run on time and all that people do these days is call me a fat cunt.

FAT CONT: Tell me about it, my fucking trains run on time and Thomas gets all the fuckin' credit. The efficiency of a railway is down to the controller but I get shunted into the background cos I'm fat.

MUSSOLINI: My trains were running on time before yours.

FAT CONT: Maybe but I've kept them on time for years and I don't let myself down shagging secretaries on the carpet.

MUSSOLINI: You couldn't shag anyone cos you don't fucking exist, Mate.

FAT CONT: Neither do you, you got strung up, right on schedule, heh heh.

MUSSOLINI: Fuck off you fat cunt.

FAT CONT: You garlic-smelling, gutbucket.

MUSSOLINI: You big-bellied, bowler-hatted bastard.

FAT CONT: You sad, fat, lonely fucking git.

MUSSOLINI: Get a life you lard-arse, oh sorry, I forgot you don't fucking exist.

FAT CONT: You sodding porker, I bet they had to tunnel through your guts just to get that final bullet in.

ETC ETC

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In the next issue Leslie Crowther and brain-damaged boxer Michael Watson discuss headaches.



20594



Raving hoards of disabled right activists hijacked our phone line to swear and express their disgust following the publication of "A GROSS STORY FOR CHRISTMAS", issue 12. The wheelchair and fatness in the above mentioned article sparked outrage among most of our readers. Furious army of politically correct rang to say "ZZ is irresponsible, immature, disgraceful". "Fanzine doers," one said, "are normally against the state and the establishment who are fucking all of us up. Why did you pick up on those poor disabled?". Even friends ended up admitting that ZZ doers are sad. A North-West London reader added: "I liked everything in the issue 12 apart from the woman in the wheelchair. It's cheap. It's nasty. I don't find that sort of things funny. I nearly threw the fanzine away... Please read stuff before you publish them." Distressed Debbie from SE23 screamed "I'm not a PC bitch as you might say, but whoever you are, if you are looking for controversy to spread your filth, you are nothing but cowards attacking and abusing a defenceless disabled woman... Who wrote that shit? Why did you publish it?" ZZ receive 70% of stuffs from contributors. Do we need to stress that the views expressed in the publication are obviously not those of the respective contributors? On which basis do we decide to publish anything? Violent question. However, ZZ will NEVER supply details of contributors. If you've got comments... PLEASE put them in writing so that we can forward them to the contributor.

"I can't distribute you I'm afraid coz I only do female produced stuff. I quite like Zine Zone coz it's not coming (I-Ed) from the same scene as me or most of other zines. In fact I haven't got a clue where it's coming from. It seems pretty varied and different, unpredictable which I like"

JANE, Shag-A-Stamp

"I rang up SARAH JACOMBS (Select's Advertising manager) on that number and as soon as I mentioned zine zone she hung up, now I don't want to make assumptions but I think she may have already had quite a few phone calls about ZZ."

XEROX GIRLS

riety



8

"Dear blah blah blah..., please find enclosed eight copies of zine zone fanzine. They have been on the shelves for almost three months which is very past its life. You will be paid for the remaining sold in the near future. Take care. A M With Compliments from Tower Records"

London is shit

scriptural diarrhoea or simple diary? That is not the question. Fuck Shakespeare

Sun Feb 26: Buy Vox magazine, February issue, for 10p in Eastway Market. Without free tape.
Mon. 27: Wake up to find out from the radio that:
1) boxing is dangerous.
The media just discovered a boxed boxer; 2) the Tories are still in power. As a result, the oldest merchant bank is closing down. Another governmental joke.

Tue 28: Hat realised that.

Wed 1st March: New month but I'm still the same.

Thu 02: 6.30pm. Snow in East London. Rain in East London. Shit in East London. And I can see it through the window of the extremely dirty bus going to Aldgate. Got off in Whitechapel where the perpetual stink of fish and the ghostly looking homeless running away from the nearby Salvation Army always stumble across me. It's now 6.55pm and the rain hasn't stopped yet. I am on platform 6, Whitechapel tube, like everybody going southbound on the East London Line. The speaker announces that "next train southbound leaves on platform 5 to New Cross". Almost everybody leaves platform 6 to rush to 5. The stairs to 5 are miserably wet, water dripping from a fissure above. As soon as we reach platform 5 the same speaker informs us that "first train to Surrey Quays, Southbound, platform 6. All stations to Surrey Quays is next on platform 6, leaving first." People start running again over the wet stairs because the train is there. Sad.

Fri. 03: "Do you have 20p for the chocolate machine?" The asker is a middle-aged woman. She adds: "Two 10s or a 20". My mate and I search our pockets. He gives her two 10s. She already has 10p in her hand. She says "Thank you" and directs herself to the chocolate machine. This is Wood Green tube station, southbound platform, late afternoon.

Sat 04: "Look, the McDonald bag is coming!" Windy Deptford. I caution my unsuspecting mate about the vicious wind slowly blowing the recognisable brown paper bag toward us.

Sun 05: Nothing happened. True, Ed. I swear.

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9

Mon 06: Travel news on GLR informs me that: funeral procession of 200 cars will be passing through east London this evening.

Tue 07: I noted the most beautiful 'Afghan Wigs' CD cover ever. It's maybe the latest one. Sold to me on looks; I must obtain it soon.

Wed 8- Fri 10: I slept on the job. Lost hold of time, didn't I? My notes scattered. What day is it now- err, Friday!!! (What is your experience of time huh?- ED)

Sat 11: the mass unemployed go shopping.

sun 12: My arty farty flatmates shop for 2 tins of plum tomato.

Mon 13:..Shit and its Thursday again: FASH BASH TRASH CASH DASH SLASH FLASH. Courtesy of the sun leading tabloids craze in their own search for cash. Somebody asked me the way to what sounded like "kennin tow." He shows me an address. "Oh,er..You mean Camden Town! Take that 253 bus to Holloway, then.." Today is actually the 16th.

Fri 17: Morning. Saw a 4ft soaked brown pony. Rainy day. The countryside comes to the city. Dalston Kingsland: Red nosed children colourfully parade the null high street. Comic disbelief. Afternoon: Police handcuff and arrest 2 Homeless in a subway, Elephant & Castle, just for being cold and sitting there. "You hurting me hand", said the homeless woman. "It's alright", said the police. I couldn't take their number but the car they dragged the 2 citizens in had the number 4013 on the side. The time was 15.06

Sat 18: Lost me notes.

Sun 19: Stratford upon- Avon: man found in freezer in Ice Haagen Dazs ice cream shop. Police treating the death as accident. 17.34, Radio 1. And also, natural born killer Ronnie Cray is murdered by life. It's on my notes but the dates may not be correct.

Mon 20: XFM is giving me problems; I have to keep moving my aerial for better reception. A friend of mine called to say that there are free tickets for the residents of Hackney to see Hamlet in Hackney Empire. Two tickets offered at a time. Get there. Long queue. I queue. News for the queuers: "There is no more tickets available. Time magazine is getting 150 tickets." Does Time Out live in Hackney? Nobody answers me. "Pilfering 150 Hamlet tickets from the residents of Hackney", My friend says. "Shakespeare and Hamlet can fuck off," I say.

Tue 21: Ed, London sucks. I tired of writing shit.

Nasci junto da selva , ouvindo o canto dos pássaros

Os animais dão-me a primeira aula da vida .

Cresci num mundo sem prédios ,sem metro ,sem livros , sem poluição ...

Onde a vida agrária foi de rigor e de liberdade .

Brinquei com os macacos,

Com amigos à noite ao redor do fogo.

Como eu fui feliz !

Sim...feliz de ter dominado a noite,

Este mistério...

Hoje!?

Os meus olhos choram um fio de lágrimas

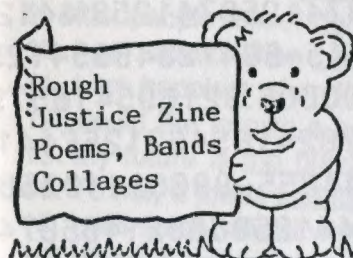
Minha cabeça preenchida por uma maré de lembranças:ÊXTASE

Entretanto , eu fico saudoso lembrando tanta felicidade

Oh!...MOOSSOU!

Que me transportas para todo o sempre...

MOOSSOU
by Paul



Minnie, 42 Winter Grove, Parr
St. Helens, Merseyside WA9 2JS
Send me your penpal ads!

£1 payable P Bayley and
A4 S.S.A.E. 11.94.



Youth dilemmas series: Nobody ever told you 1) why school teachers need to learn more than their students, 2)who invented politics, 3)How come E stands for ecstasy but not emptiness or elephant or E17??? Zine Zone once more, will unite unknown philosophers for brain clashes. The words will be printed here. It works like this. Every issue, we will select one (maybe more) violent question(s) that we throw to you, tireless readers. You answer (not more than 60 words. Yes, sharp brain need not be scattered with lengthy diatribes). We print them in the following issue. Or else. This issue violent question: **ARE CONDOMS STRONGER THAN SUPERMARKET CARRIER BAGS?**

my feelings are

me.

Here is your chance to write how you feel. There can be no "right" or "wrong" feelings. your feelings are very important because they are yours. Finish these sentences.

1. Today I feel but tomorrow I may not be so lucky.
2. I get mad when I consider the enemies who will predecease my revenge.
3. I feel bad when I get caught.
4. To me school is work without wages.
5. Most of my teachers are poor parodies of complete human beings.
6. My parents are really not to blame for what work & moralism did to them.
7. I would rather make history than read about it.
8. I know I will never go along to get along.
9. Most people think I don't understand what I only know too well.
10. I get scared when I wonder why they let me run loose.
11. I am happiest when I'm dead drunk, ejaculating or fast asleep.
12. would like to own a hand-held exocet missile.
13. My future is the plaything of evil fools.
14. To me, a job is self-sale on the instalment plan.
15. I will finish school when I can no longer postpone the inevitable.
16. Working and going to school is having your shit and eat it too.
17. School without a job is proof that half-loathing is better than none.
18. Money in my pocket is the best place for it till we burn it all.
19. I like to get money from out of thin air like the government does.
20. Looking for work sounds almost as bad as finding it.
21. My friends are filling in while my enemies are otherwise occupied.
21. I am studying for the civil service exam for surgeon-general.

FLUSHABLE

HE IS SEXY IN A WAY NOBODY BUT ME
COULD NOTICE. BEFORE BECOMING
FLUSHION EDITOR OF zinezone,
ME, nina grouchington (NOT
MY REAL FAKE NAME, BUT, ER..
WENT ON A SPATIAL (?)
TRAINING TO SPOT THE FLUSH
IN LONDON WITH THE FLASH
OF MY OLYMPUS AZ-200MULTI-
AF SUPERZOOM CAMERA. RIGHT!
GOT HIM ON A BUS, SITTING
THERE, IGNORING COMPLETELY
THE EXISTENCE OF zz. THERE
WAS SOMETHING ON THE
TRAINING CALLED "THE
USELESS ELEMENT THAT
ALLOWS STYLE TO STAND
OUT", KNOWN AS
TUETASTSO. IT'S
MADE OF LITTLE THINGS
THAT YOU NEED TO
PUT AN EMPHASIS ON
YOUR CLOTHES, HAIR
STYLE... HE HAD IT.

haircut: by baby
father barber in
Tottenham, North
London, £8.00
haircut adjustment:
student friend in
one-bed flat, FREE.
rings: bought in

Carnaby Street, Soho, £8.49 (the pair), anyshop that pierces.
top: crude karl kani imitation, £16.99, Eastway market.
perfume: body secretion, FREE.
model: discovered on a bus

Photo: nina grouchington

There is a fashion designer masquerading as editor who sells
his zines to models for 30p and then throws them out on the
streets where they allegedly come from. Nina Grouchington
(who else?) found one of the models, agonized in a doorway of
an abandoned building in St Paul's, London. He had tuetastso!
Big Issue zine: 70p each, A4 format, weekly... Big Issue Bag:



FREE TO MODELS(left)
Top:£1.99 from
passer-by. Trousers:
Wood Green Oxfam.
Shoes: brand disap-
pear, unrecognizable.
Hat: Big Issue, FREE
to models. Drink:
Bee-psi can, 45p from
local corner shop.
Carrier bags: Big
Issue, FREE!!!
Perfume: not
identified.
cigarettes: (look
closely between
can and leg): zine
zone will not encour-
age smoking!!! Not
because it "damages
health" - what does
not? - but because
it doesn't give you
tuetastso.
To be a Big Issue
Model, Nina Grou-
chington can give you
a phone number:
(44)0171-418 0418.
I smell lemon.

WAS IT YOU? Sitting in the second carriage of the
Piccadilly line tube between Manor House and Highbury and
Islington. 7.58pm Monday 13 March 95. You caught me eyes.
You were wearing a bright green woolly jumper with this written
in white in a yellow circle, "IRISH OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP"
barring a drawn golfer in the circle. On top of it, you had a
very yellow-bright scarf. WAS IT YOU? If so, PLEASE, never
wear those clothes again. hey don't look good on you. Anybody
with appearance problems should contact Nina Grouchington in
writing at zz

THE LAST MIKE HAMMER THRILLER

new york is set to invade the brain of zine zone readers with a sharp story ready to attack. "I shot him low in the belly and I saw what he had for dinner. veal scampi, new potatoes, and a cucumber salad with a tasteful yet non-assertive vinaigrette dressing with a hint of sun-dried tomatoes."

The sky was the color of tofu you forgot in the back of the fridge without changing the water. Or maybe the window was dirty. I slammed the cordless down on my desk out of force of habit and beat it out of the inner office in a big hurry.

"Later, kitten," I grinned with a nod to Velda. Velda. After forty years, still there for me. I'd marry her but the wife of a guy in my line of work had better look good in black. she doesn't push it. My CPA says to marry her anyway. Something about Social Security. I pack all the social security I need in a shoulder holster.

I took the elevator down to and burst out of the door and jumped into my Honda civic. The buggy handles well but I miss my old heap. It didn't meet the emission control standards. It was like apart of me. A hard part, like my rod. I fought the Japs in the jungles of the pacific and now look at us.

Somebody gave a dollar to the bag lady. She cursed him and demanded five.

I swung through Tompkins Square before heading uptown. the sleaze were hanging out a message spray-painted on the Christadora caught my eye and I put on my reading glasses: MIKE HAMMER SUCKS COCK. Those damn punk! Wise guys. The drizzle descended to wash a city that'll never wash clean and night was falling fast as if to get the new year's eve frenzy off to an early start.

I pulled over into a joint that used to be my favourite dog wagon. Now it was soup 'n' salad. I shoved the door open and the manager's face lit up like an M-90 tied to a cat's tail. "Hi guy," said Shawn, giving me his usual come-hither look. It was a good gag. Shawn was okay even if he was a pansy. And he did get me out of that scrape outside the leather bar. I built myself a salad and shoved some quiche down my throat. I gobbled my heart pills (the doc says take them with food) and tossed down my cranberry juice with one gulp. I threw down a fin and cleared out.

My combat reflexes took over and I ducked under the punk on the skateboard nano-seconds before he'd have sapped me with a

numchuck. A jogger took the blow on a face that'll never be the same. Then the punk went for a throwing star and I palmed my rod. I got him low in the belly while behind me a bag lady made like Van Gogh as the star whipped past my ear and took of hers. I rammed my .45 down the kid's throat. "Talk," I grinned. "Who sent you?" Puking black blood he gurgled, "I have the right to remain silent.. "I got a mad on then and I slapped him till my hand hurt (the arthritis). Behind me a crowd gathered and somebody gave a dollar to the bag lady. She cursed him and demanded five. Somebody made off with the jogger's Rolex. The punk who didn't need a haircut would never need anything else either so I took a powder.

When I got to Sammy's he handed me a wine cooler without my saying anything. The one place that never changes. A situationist came in and ordered a drink. "Say, we don't get many situationists in here," Sammy said. "Well, at these prices, you won't get any more," said the situationist. A wise guy.

A broad sat down on the next stool and we checked each other out. She had a hell of an infrastructure. If her body were a mountain they'd hold the Winter Olympics there. "You come here often, big boy?" she hissed through ripe rouged lips.

The anarchists. How I hated them. They squat. They always seem to have money. And they never work.

"Yeah, but never too soon," I grinned. she leered at me so I did the Manhattan mouth-meld and she stuck her tongue it in my mouth. I bit it till she bled and she moaned with pleasure and then I shoved her away. She pouted. "Next time, minx," I grinned, "I'm here on business." I sent her off with a playful slap on the ass.

I waved for another Citrus Sunshine and swilled it down with one draught. I went to the payphone to tell Pat about the punk I wasted. "That's okay, Mike, we figured it was you. You must be the last man alive to pack a Colt .45."

"That's why I am alive, kiddo," I grinned.

"You tag him?"

"No, but when we do I'll tip you like I've been doing since 1947. Funny how the Commissioner never notices."

I rang off and Sammy waved me over. "He's in the back booth," said Sammy, and I knee who he was. My client.

I sent her off with a playful slap on the ass.

"Mike." That was all he said. "Donald." I answered him. I got quiet. "I've heard about Ivana. A bummer." He took it well but his face was easy to read as a Mike Hammer thriller. "That's not the job, Mike. You're no keyhole peeper. It's something bigger. It's Tompkins Square. I want it."

When he said Tompkins Square I crushed my glasses in my fist as my knuckles went white. So that was it. The anarchists. The punks. How I hated them. They squat. They always seem to have money. And they never work. I reached for my pack of butts before I remembered I quit smoking and Trump squelched what just might have started out to be a smirk. Something was nagging me like a wife when you come home drunk. And suddenly it was as if I was back in a foxhole in Guadalcanal. The enemy.

I dived to the floor as I pivoted and palmed my rod as the ninja buried his sword in my seat. I took of the top of his head with one shot and told Trump to freeze. Behind me Sammy came up with a mop. "You set me up, Donald," I grinned. I licked the blood off my fingers because I like the taste.

"You dressed up your hit-man as a punk but he was really on loan from the Nips. The weaponry was the tip-off. You're in a squeeze, you're selling off assets and Ivanna might take you to the cleaners. So you're fronting for zaibatsu and their Jap Mafia allies the jakusa. You're a traitor, Donald, and the penalty for treason is --" he made a play for his checkbook but I shot him low in the belly and I saw what he had for dinner. Veal Scampi, new potatoes,

The punk who didn't need a haircut would never need anything else either.

and a cucumber salad with a tasteful yet non-assertive vinaigrette dressing with a hint of sun-dried tomatoes.

By now New Year's was old news to me so I drove back to the office to get some peace and quiet. I built myself a few highballs and passed out in my chair.

I woke up groggy in 1995 to the murmur of Velda's voice in the outer office. Velda! I could have danced a jig. I tottered over the door and fumbled it open. She didn't hear me. She was busy. There she was, big, buxom, with her page-boy look, with an even bigger woman sitting on her lap with her tongue stuck in Velda's greedy mouth.

Before I could do or say anything I cut loose with a burp. Velda eyeballed me as cool as a cucumber salad with a tasteful yet non-assertive vinaigrette dressing with a hint on sun-dried tomatoes. "Mike," she said, "This is my friend Randi. My very close friend Randi." Randi gave Velda's left tit an affectionate squeeze. "You're the only man for me, Mike. I've said so all along, since 1947. But you're just a man, Mike."

She grinned. I staggered back to my inner office. I built myself a drink. Then my hand slid down, across the belly. Then further down. I palmed my rod.



PARLODROMME



"The British are rubbish at languages and body language is no exception. Your average Italian will use more body language in ordering a pizza romana than an Anglo-Saxon will use in his entire life"

GUY BROWNING

"Books and all forms of writings (like Zine Zone- Ed) have always been objects of terror to those who seek to suppress the truth."

WOLE SOYINKA

"In Calcutta, people don't notice how crowded the animals are, because they are too"

Alex Hamilton

"If zine writers wrote the week's TV, we'd never be bored again"

MINNIE

"Fear is a fantastic lubricant."

WILL SELF

"Now, what are mammary glands really for?"

SONYA Madam Pharaoh out of ECHOBELLY

"It's not only homosexuals who don't like women. Hardly anyone does."

PETER SELLERS in The Battle Of The Sexes movie

"Music is too special to be bullshitting about."

Heard on Radio 1, Sun 17 Feb. 95 - said by BOB MOULD (out of SUGAR)

"The only Black artists pled on Virgin Radio are Bob Marley and Jimmy Hendrix because they are dead"

DAVID HEMINGWAY

"Okra is scarce since Friday"

Softly-spoken shopkeeper in Deptford Market, sat 11/2/95

"Q was charge with being an Argos catalogue."

PAUL STAMP

1. "The British see animal welfare as a mark of their civilisation."

2. "Nowadays 'cooking' is illegal..."

3. "The National Lottery is the latest vulgarisation of British life." JEREMY

PAXMAN, late-night visual philosopher

Take Away

(Neither here nor there)

I spent a sunny morning in a phonebox
waiting for the phone to ring

My chances were slim and nothing happened

I returned to the same phonebox a day later,

and nothing happened. It rained. I cried.

Where were you? I remained in the box

and turned to my private thoughts.

Somebody must have this number.

Accident or intent would startle my senses

with the dring of a ring. I left the phonebox
to buy some Chewing gum. I returned chewing and

heard the phone ring. I ran to pick it up.

Someone knew I was there. I was glad.

Johnny the Angel
an NFA production

Dangers in dogma

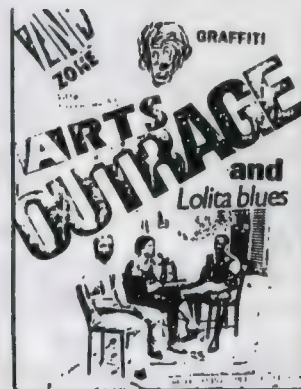
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ISSUE 1 £10 crap



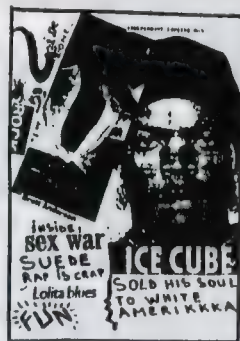
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alough festival 92



third world studio
ISSUE 3 £1 Lolita blues
mozzier laughs



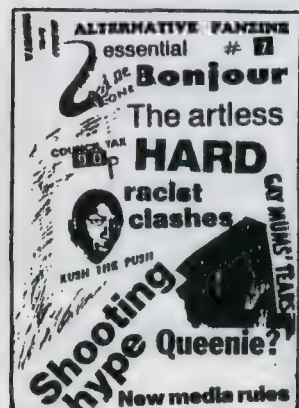
ISSUE 4 £1 lydia wong
art of tai-ji
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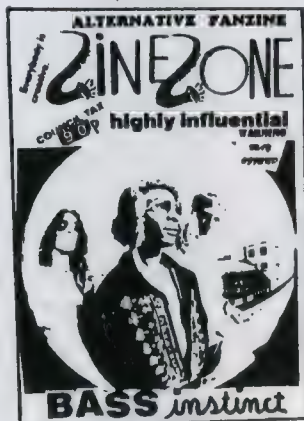
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rap is crap



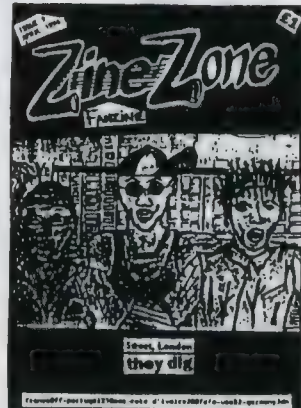
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ISSUE 6 £1



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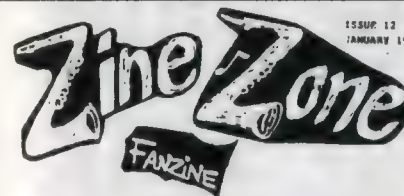


ISSUE 9 £1 rude boyz
celadouski
piggers in south(london)



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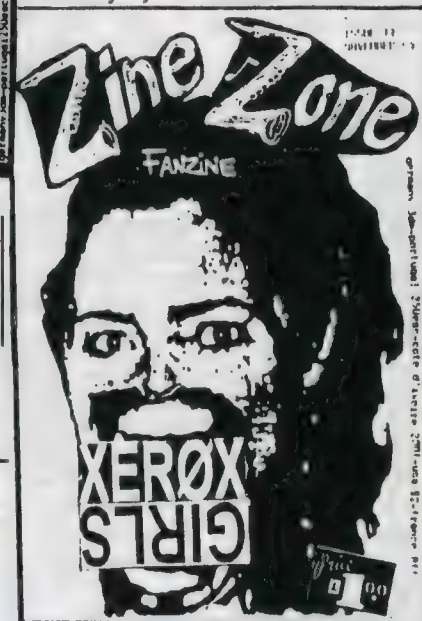
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(right)
Issue 11
£1, inside: DSS
Dodgers,
XEROX
GIRLS,
FREEPOST

FREE

Will anybody be silly enough to reserve 6 or 12 future issues of this zine (zone) of questionable quality? Oui? Check the price list. Flirt with Lolita (Blues), brainy youth all around Earth, Irish donkeys, latches & Cor...



---cut here---
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ADDRESS: _____

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~~~~~



...been legal in Texas — now it's potentially profitable, too.

Not everybody reads the newspapers. (The Scum sells 4 million a day - Ed) Especially when they've bought them. (Well, left them on trains, buses, etc.-Ed) Headlines distract, but the small print - you need a microscope for.

Wealthy Tory MP Toby Jessel said Britain's unemployed, "Sit in front of the television for hours on end, complaining about their poverty and not growing vegetables when they could do so easily and cheaply."

# EU bans use of the term soya milk

## Prisoner freed by mistake human life yet again

A BOY of 13 was caught bonking a school dinner lady on a dining room table, it was revealed yesterday.

The richest man in Britain now is a pornographer. Paul Raymond, who controls some 50 per cent of the market, has accumulated a fortune of £1,700 million and continues to earn a regular income of £11,000 an hour.

women have never been keener on going the whole way in bed. 'It shows,' said Kaye Wellings, one of the survey researchers, 'that we are a penetration-obsessed culture.'

Alice Walker thinks that monkeys are good role models for Black people.

Some girls find the idea of sodomy too aggressive, as it could be construed as contemptuous, that by bugging a girl you are denying her femininity.

AN IRISH priest caught with £1.5 million in cash from a £5 million armed robbery has been sentenced in America to four years in jail.

"Nobody realises what a piece of shit he was — a junkie, lecher, sleazebag. There are rumours that Hughes was gay and banging both Cary Grant and Randolph Scott but I like him better as a junkified womaniser. It plays into my scheme more."

He claims that as an Englishman he was branded lazy, uncultured and a thief, while his boss lauded all things French.

POLICE and immigration officers raided Brook Green housing office in Hammersmith, west London, last Monday morning and arrested Martha Chavarra, a cleaner.

30-year-old jeweller confesses that her greatest fear is: "Letting your bodily functions get the better of you and farting during sex." She's very quick to add that she's yet to experience the 'sphincter let-down feeling' at the height of passion: "But the older you get, that's supposed to be the first muscle to go!" she adds anxiously.

## FOOTBALL IS the best game in the world.

She breathes heavily and the rise and fall of her massive breasts — size 60KK and, by her own calculation, weighing over 2st the pair — force her arms out from the side of her body like a boxer's. She obviously has not constructed her self according to any paradigm of male desire. You want sex? her body seems to say.

## Postal apology

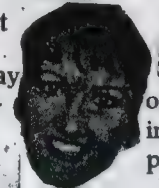
Royal Mail has apologised to Muslims in Britain after portraying their prophet in a leaflet advertising new stamps.

Once at a presentation I was reliably informed that the brain has two sides: the right or "creative" aspect and the left or "analytical" side.

The three women now live in a one-bedroom flat in Edinburgh's Leith district — two doors away from a pub which advertises in Gay News as giving homosexuals a 'warm welcome'.

## MOVE FURTHER

The resulting orgasms can be incredibly emotional, and intense. "I felt that I was coming, shitting, pissing, crying... all at the same time."



## Appeal judges free witnesses jailed for being late

She followed a used car salesman turned sexual guru who ran a community whose members said they could sustain orgasms for three hours and significantly increase penis size.

Jerusalem — A dispute over construction on an alleged ancient Jewish burial ground took a bizarre turn when officials said bones found there and given Jewish reburial were those of pigs and other animals.

NEW YORK police are using plain clothes officers dressed as prostitutes to trap and arrest would-be punters.

A MUTE boy who underwent a terrifying exorcism-style ceremony that a social worker arranged in a bid to help him speak again still remains silent.

WITNESS who caused a murder trial to collapse because he was too frightened to give evidence was jailed for three months at the Old Bailey yesterday.

JAILED Ealing rape gang leader Bob Horscroft is having secret sex sessions with a warder.

65-YEAR-OLD Dalston man was threatened with legal proceedings unless he paid a council demand for 1p.

Sex is the most popular leisure activity in the world. One young woman had seen her husband kidnapped and later opened her front door to be presented with his head on a stick.

news agencies reported yesterday. Indian state of Bihar, local nearly 50 people in the north Adulterated liquor has killed GIRLS with headaches should have more sex, say health experts.

John Major is said to have asked: "Who is that woman who makes me feel like a criminal?"

WOMEN UNDER 45 who have had abortions have a 50 per cent higher risk of developing breast

## Family group says sex lessons encourage experimentation

The genitals will be dried and sent to the Far East as aphrodisiacs, and the bones crushed for fertiliser.

AMAN who claimed to have been set on fire by thugs three weeks ago admitted yesterday he had done it himself accidentally by lighting a cigarette while carrying a fuel can, sodomy implied any sexual act

which did not have procreation as its goal, and a lot more aberrations thrown in: anyone involved with anything from witchcraft to treason was liable to be labelled a sodomite. Even being a foreigner could make you culpable.

"Vietnam is the country where the white man sends the black man to kill the yellow man for the sake of the country he stole from the red man in the first place." To cap that sentence was the grand finale: "And the white man is the man who feeds his baby on milk stolen from a cow that should have been for her baby and steals the cow's baby to eat himself."

When she had a child, the woman who recently gave birth at 62. What of it - according to the Bible, Sarah, the wife of Abraham, was 90 years old touches my clitoris," she said.

Tom, aged five, suddenly gave up eating pork chops and a greedy guzzler."

IPS must no longer write and near-naked bosoms no longer longer shake, feminine flesh must be covered by more than flimsy wet clothing and suggestive jerks by male pelvises shall never be the same again.

"Having a headache could be more a reason for having sex than an excuse for not doing it."

Alternatively, I know of guys who pour strawberry yoghurt over their partner's genitals, and enjoy consuming it from there.

And for the male, it can also be an experience to remember. After all, it is possible for a male to come just by being sodomised.

Shouldn't a fox which bites the heads off every chicken in a flock, or a cat which plays with a tortured and terrified mouse be subject to some sort of retribution too?

Sometimes the self-styled vigilante graffiti artist he says threatened him with a screwdriver.

trapped head led to fatal haemorrhage or damage to the bladder, causing seepage of urine that made the woman smell like a latrine and poisoned her later foetuses.

the woman who recently gave birth at 62. What of it - according to the Bible, Sarah, the wife of Abraham, was 90 years old touches my clitoris," she said.

London, is suffering from a ruptured condition which is a very unusual condition which affects one in 1,000 men.

And for the male, it can also be an experience to remember. After all, it is possible for a male to come just by being sodomised.



# MAXIMUM VOLUME

our reader's  
ears...

- 1-MUM IT'S NOT MY FAULT WERE ON INCOME SUPPORT.....xerox girls  
2-CHEREE.....suicide  
3-CHASING A DREAM.....apocalypse babys  
4-DO YOU FINALLY NEED A FRIEND? .....terry callier  
5-I GONNA LOVE YOU SOME DAY.....sue ellery  
6-HE'S A WHORE.....big black  
7-MAR GAY HAM.....andaz shabaz  
8-WOOD GOBLINS.....tad  
9-PLUM.....crayola summer  
10-DICK DALE/MAN OR ASTROMAN.....taco wagon  
11-WANDA JACKSON.....funnel of love  
12-MTX.....book of revelation  
13-ACUARIO.....celia cruz  
14-MI MONTUNO EST EN ALGO.....myrte sylvia  
15-STELLA RAMBISAI CHIWESHE .....kumusha



the albums, no bums, but still juicy, by zinezone readers

- 1-IMPROVISED COW EYES.....target shoppers  
2-AT ACTION PARK.....shellac  
3-JUNKYARD.....birthday party  
4-PADEMONIUM.....killing joke  
5-NORA MORALES PLAYS CHA CHA CHA.....nora morales  
6-MR T EXPERIENCE.....our Bodies,ourselves  
7-SURFIN WILD.....various  
8-ULTRAVIOLET.....all about eve

## Iolita BLUES

Tout le monde est chaud". Fernand se refroidit. Mais Sidiki ne se rend pas compte. Il parle. Beaucoup. Fort. Gesticule. Jure. Pose des questions mais n'attend pas de réponses. Il parle. A un Fernand qui se dit que Lolita, avec sa façon qu'elle a de débarquer comme ça dans les conversations qu'il a avec ses frères de sang. Il voulait laisser le hasard faire les choses, buter sur la go et improviser, mais peut-être qu'il va falloir faire un plan, écrire quelque chose à apprendre par cœur qu'il va falloir lire, organiser une rencontre accidentelle, ou bien... Le taxi est parti. "J'arrive!" Sidiki saute de la voiture et rentre dans une cour. Fernand regarde dehors et sous saute: "Lolita!" Elle l'a entendu, s'est retournée pour lui jeter un regard indifférent et a continué son chemin. Il descend à son tour de la voiture et se met à la suivre. Il ne pense plus à rien, marchant derrière celle fille qui ne s'est pas encore rendu compte qu'on la suit; ou qui s'est rendu compte de la permanente présence derrière elle mais qui s'en fout. Combien de temps Fernand a-t-il marché? Il ne sait pas. Où est-il? Il ne sait pas. En levant la tête, il voit Lolita avancer vers un jeune homme qui lui sourit. Elle va l'embrasser. Fernand court, se jette sur le jeune homme et lui donne un coup de poing dans la figure.



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Only 300 made, you lame piece o' shit

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-hot.hot.hot! punk! obvious cross-like.  
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7"-\$3 ea. in the U.S.  
\$5 ea. elsewhere

SOCREYE "Retards Also Post My Window" LP  
-37 shitty songs, only about 100 left and  
you'll never see them again. dildo-wants

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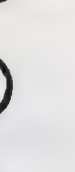


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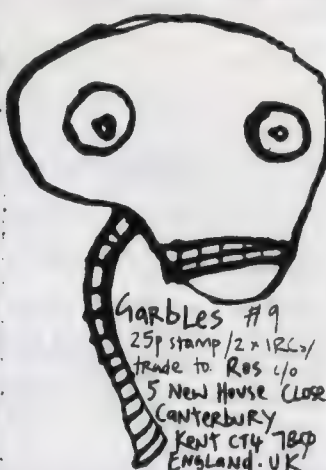
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# The twilight zone

Want to find yourself a 'bitch'? This space is for you. Or you just want to carry on camping? This place can be erogenous too. Maybe you need to kick out the government? You can start organising here. Absolutely **FREE**. You can sell your ass, zines, teeth and curtains... Fill the coupon below without shame including your address. And wait cut or copy-----

[illegible]

Maximum characters per line as above

# CLASS Yourself

1995. Cyberspace. Internet. Day- glo (maybe). You name it. Humanoids are celebrating the victory of technology by buying all sort of hi- tech equipments from CD player to PC and Apple Mac via programmed calves that bite airport workers. Spending is the latest language of the Civilised. Humans therefore are now nothing but numbers (national insurance, pin, price...). Politicians in Britain responded by 'proposing' to introduce the ID card with "all your information" stored on the computer. Human righters screamed. Then went shopping. This is when the advertisers took a deep breath. What did they buy? Why did they buy it? How often do they buy it? They've got loads of questions to work out. The dramatic moment when the cashier softly announces the amount of the rip off make you realise that money, class really matter. Zine Zone could (exclusively?) get hold of the **The Official Classification** advertisers will use to flog their 'products' & 'Services'. It categorises people under letters and numbers (A, B, C1, C2, D, E) and give percentages + other relevant details. It says:

“3.1% of the adult population are Upper Middle Class and work in higher managerial, administrative & professional. They are classed as the A category.

Bs represent 17.7, are the proper middle proper and take the intermediate positions in the same white collar jobs.

Supervisory and clerical + junior management, 27%, are the C1.

C2, skilled manual workers, cover 23% of the adult population

D = semi skilled + unskilled, 16.2%. Es, the State pensioners, widows, casual and lowest grade workers account for 12.4%.



# ZZ OWN FINDINGS

| class              | titles                                | they are                             | they can                                                           |
|--------------------|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Upper Class        | royal, duchesses                      | aristocrats monarchy                 | afford holidays, have their toes sucked, pay no tax, not work      |
| Lower Upper class  | chairmen of utilities                 | parasites                            | sack millions of workers and pocket the profit                     |
| Upper Middle class | Mr Vindaloot (Thanks to the tabloids) | Lottery winner                       | "curry away" jackpot                                               |
| Middle class       | bourgeois                             | executives managers big business men | buy a house in the country, read the FT, buy shares, have 2.4 kids |
| Lower Middle class | ...                                   | white collar                         | pay mortgage all life                                              |
| Working Class      | badly paid                            | Cashier for Tesco                    | be abused and be bullied                                           |
| On Poverty Line    | dolers, scroungers students           | On benefit, on grant                 | struggle to survive                                                |
| Underclass         | Homeless                              | No income                            | erm...                                                             |

**WHITE BUFFALO GAZETTE** Issue # "Bullet proof physician's clothing" Jan. 1995  
 PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Max. Traffic. This comix newsletter is the spiritual spin-off of Willis' City Limits Gazette, which was founded by Bruce Chrislip in 1980.  
 Subscriptions are \$15. a year, sample copies are \$1. and one stamp. Send for subscriptions to : STEVE WILLIS P.O. BOX 390, McCLEARY, WA 98557-0390 USA.

## Apocalypse Babys

\*\*\*\*\*  
 APOCALYPSE BABYS - STILL UNSIGNED E.P.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 LYRICS TO DIE FOR. Just imagine what

they sound like put to fast, punky guitars

Zine Eds contact band for demo

**I DON'T WANNA BE A NAZI:** We had a gig with the UK Subs destroyed by skinheads who smashed the place to bits, hitting everyone in striking distance, even girls! Swastikas tattooed on their heads, BNP badges, the lot! They were there for one purpose only, violence! The words to this song are very simplistic, which is exactly right, there's no point pissing about with riddled lyrics like Echobelly, it should be made quite clear where you stand.

In they come, 2 by 2, the ugly and unintelligent!  
 The musclebound and tattooed, it's absolutely irrelevant  
 They say people have the right to air their views  
 We recruit them from the poor  
 Takes em an hour to lace their boots  
 And your idea of patriotism... is dropping dog shit  
 Through your neighbours door!

AND I DON'T WANNA-WANNA-WANNA-WANNA BE A NAZI!

FUCK THE B.N.P.!

When times are tough, we look for someone to blame  
 It's always been the same, like Berlin 1933  
 And Hitlers rise in Germany  
 Yes people have the right to air their views  
 Yeh, 'free speech' for sure!  
 But just remember all you new recruits...  
 Do you know what you're fighting for?

Yes people have the right to air their views, even glorify in war!

I believe in the red, white and blue, peace and love, the 3 little pigs

AND LIBERTY FOR ALL!

Rough Justice (alternative Zine) has collages, poetry music, animal rights, pop culture.  
 £1.6 SSAs payable to P. Bayley, 42 Winter Grove, St Helens, WA9 2JH, M/old

Rough Justice Zine

...you read it here first!

will put new fans in touch!!

in the words of Asterix: 'Apocalypse Babys will have a track 'I DON'T WANT TO BE A NAZI' on Snake bite 3 (best unsigned bands compilation album) Also, our debut album will be out in the summer, unless the record company rips us off... things are looking up for a change. Also, we had an interview on the radio: Radio Derbys Mark Sheldon was impressed when he saw us at Battle of the Bands last year and invited us on his show. We were a bit lost in the studio, probably a bit too giggly, but I can't take these things seriously...

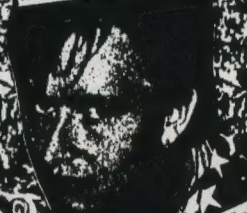
**STILL UNSIGNED:** Our engineer was pissing himself when I was doing the spoken word bit to this, so I knew it was working, we ain't moaning, we don't want pity, in the 2 years we've been going we've been ripped off so many times that we've become so cynical about the 'biz', this is us sticking two fingers up at all the companies who turned us down! Sob, sob. Ed: in true Pistols style (see the lyrics!!)

**STATE OF EMERGENCY:** Los Angeles just happens to be the setting for this song, it could be anywhere, Brixton, Toxteth in the 80's... It's about unrest, people who have nothing, 'no future' protesting in the only way available to them! Ed: It is also the best song on the tape...

Demo will set you back £2 (payable to C Goodwin) from: ASTERIX, APOCALYPSE BABYS, 23 MONSAL DRIVE, SOUTH NORMANTON, ALFRETON, DERBYSHIRE, DE55 2BG. Other Demos are: That's Entertainment: £1.50. Inspiration: £2. Whoops Apocalypse Babys: £1.50. Also their 7" E.P. is £2.50 (4 tracks) and badges are 30p (think I'll get one!!)



inGer asterix



STILL UNSIGNED!

BURN-BURN-BURN!  
 BURN-BURN-BURN!

EPIC, ARISTA, W.E.A.  
 VIRGIN, SONY, C.B.S.

BURN-BURN-BURN! M.C.A., CREATION,

POLYDOR, BEGGARS BANQUET, I.R.S., A&M,

E.M.I... F-U-C-K-Y-O-U!

Minnie







UNDELIVERED FOR REASON STATED  
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Beware folks. The eyes have it. Your mail sent to us may be under scrutiny from the unwelcomed and undeserving. A piece from our ever-choking mailbag, received 28 feb 95 had been opened and "examined" by Customs. Official! It should be expected, of course that certain mail items may be checked with or without your knowledge. This package contained a highly dangerous and potentially lethal portion of "Red Neon Tapes" from our reader in Belgium. No wonder. This blatant abuse of privacy invasion only reaffirms our beliefs/opinions. Beware of any serious mess you may attempt to send in the post. Keep sending your stuffs. We love it.



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The Post Office in the United Kingdom opened this package for examination by Customs and have released it

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**FREEPOST**  
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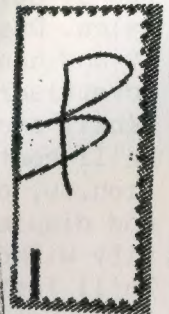
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**Customs/Douanes sticker:** Useless green sticker for packs going overseas. Useless? Yeah, the custom officers open the pack or can see through it using technology.

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See instructions on the back  
Detailed Description of Contents  
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# THE FLYER.

## ZineZone

FANZINE

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WEIRD SHIT, POETRY, PRESSED  
NO BEX, STYLEE, FART, ZZ

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Special thanx to S. Sanae from Tokyo and other contributors.

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